ADAMS FAMILY FILE

Oregonian, Former Indiana State Normal Music Head, Has Published 4,000 Anthems During Last 61 Years

BY RICHARD H. SYRING.

Indianapolis Sunday Star. July 26 36

NEARLY four thousand church anthems published in sixty-one years is the unchallenged record of Mrs. Carrie B. Adams of Portland, Ore., composer, who has authored more church music than any other woman in the world. She celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday last Tuesday.

Old-time Indianians will remember her as the talented head of the music department of the Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute, from 1882 to 1891. She appeared in many Indiana music festivals.

But it is still an active life upon which Mrs. Adams looks. Each morning the soft notes of a piano can be heard coming from the living room of her home, as fingers feel out the music which has added to the happiness and contentment of millions for years. For the Portland woman is still composing music weekly for two or three anthems, and working on innumerable cantatas and operettas.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams, former musical instructor at Indiana State Normal School, Terre Haute, who celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday recently. She has had nearly four thousand church anthems published in the last sixty-one years and still is busy turning them out seven or eight a month. She now resides in Portland, Ore.

Sung in Churches World Over.

In April, she submitted nine anthems to her publishers which were accepted. This Easter churches the world over sang her latest cantata, "From Death Unto Life." And now, in her spare time, she is working on an operetta for schools. It will be based on the Boston tea party. She hopes to have it to her publishers by fall.

Next time you go to church, and the congregation rises to sing an anthem, cast a sly glance at the name on the upper right side of the page. Two chances to one the name of Carrie B. Adams will be there. Perhaps on the other side, her name will have been credited with writing the words as well, but not as often as that of the music. Because sixty-one years of composing church music has carried Mrs. Adams's name to all parts of the world. For twenty-five years as associated editor of the "Choir Herald" of Dayton, O., she has composed an anthem each month, never missing an issue of the magazine!

List Is Never Complete.

Add to the thousands of anthems, many cantatas, long vehicles, each of which provides a full evening's entertainment for Christmas or Easter time. Also, many operettas for Sunday schools need be added and you then have an approximate list of Mrs. Adams's achievements. The list is never complete, however, for new works are always appearing. Age seems no detriment to this Oregon composer, and her publishers continually clamor for more anthems.

A cantata may count itself successful whose life is sustained for two years, Mrs. Adams says. She modestly admits, though, that some of her's have enjoyed greater success. One of her cantatas, "Christmas Adoration," written in 1923, is still selling. During the first year 11,000 copies were sold!

The Oregon composer still draws royalties on every composition ever sold on that basis.

Sells Anthems Outright.

"Last year," she laughs, "I received a check for sixty-seven cents as royalty on something I had written years before. It was so long ago that I had nearly forgotten that I ever wrote the number."

Her anthems, Mrs. Adams still sells outright for cash considerations now.

"The life of an anthem is much shorter than that of a cantata," the composer declares. "A choir sings an anthem or two one Sunday and is then out after new ones for the following Sunday. Occasionally, however, when a popular theme is struck, an anthem is often demanded over and over. My publishers tell me that they estimate that about 40,000 choirs sing my anthems each week."

And Mrs. Adams has been skillful enough to strike a popular theme more than once. In 1905 she composed an anthem, "Remember Now Thy Creator," and sold it to a music publisher for $10, believing at the time she was well paid. After thirty-one years, the anthem is still selling. Yielding to requests several years ago, she reconstructed the song for use of duets and quartets, and now receives royalties on all revisions!

Written to Words or Poems.

How does Mrs. Adams write so much music? She admits she often wonders the same thing herself. There is always a melody, though, running through her brain, she says, but her process of writing an anthem or cantata is systematical. She writes very little verse. Many of her anthems are written to words or poems sent by friends and admirers, or else to some published poem with permission of the copyright owners.

Two of the Portland composer's many cantatas which are most successful appeared in 1928 and 1930. "The Newfangled Baby Show," an evening of fun for church choirs, schools and clubs, appeared in 1928. One of a more serious vein appeared in 1930, "The Holy Child," a Christmas cantata for choirs of mixed voices.

Through the mail, Mrs. Adams receives many suggestions for anthems or cantatas. Many want to know what kind of lady she is who has written so many beautiful songs.

Takes More Than Prayer.

"People write and tell me that I must spend all my time in prayer, from the sound of some of my anthems," Mrs. Adams chuckles. "But I always write back and tell that it takes more than prayer to compose anthems—a lot of good hard work is necessary!

"I am religious, however, and all my life I have been a great church worker. Religion to me is beautiful. It is something that makes me happy and contented. Never sad."

Born in Oxford, O., July 21, 1859, the oldest of six children, Mrs. Adams always enjoyed a musical atmosphere. Her parents were musical, and her father was a teacher of voice and a writer and composer. When she was 13 her familiy moved to Onarga, Ill., where four years later she started turning out her first serious work. Her first anthem was written in the centennial year of 1876.

It was in Onarga that the Oregon composer met her husband, Allyn G. Adams, and for nearly fifty-five years the two musically-inclined people lived a life of wedded bliss, until death separated them in January.

Mr. Adams, though more than 80 when he did, still possessed a fine bass voice. With his wife as his accompanist, he often pleased Portland audiences.

The couple first moved to Terre Haute in 1882, and came to Portland in 1920.

A large old-fashioned white house, surrounded by flowers and trees, make up her Oregon home. Among the treasured trophies is a large gold loving cup, which stands on a special pedestal in her study. It is a gift to her and her late husband from the First Congregational Church congregation of Portland, in honor of their golden wedding anniversary. Following a regular service, the cup was presented to the faithful lady who had been organist and supervisor of church music since coming to Portland, and to her husband, who had added his fine voice to the church's choir.

Does Her Own Housework.

The composer's house is neat and orderly, although she is a busy woman and has never had any outside help.

"I do all my own work," she said, "if for no other reason than to keep everybody out of the house in the mornings when I try to work at my music. I can't do a thing, though, unless everything is in apple-pie order, which is generally a little after 8 o'clock.

The composer tells this story concerning her late husband. On Palm Sunday, 1932, he was confined to bed for the first time ever, recovering from an attack of influenza.

"For fifty-two years Mr. Adams had always sung a solo at church on Palm Sunday," Mrs. Adams recounts. "So in order that he might not miss his solo, I had him sing one in bed before I went to church. It made us both feel better."

Next to her music, there are two chief interests in Mrs. Adams's life—her granddaughters, offspring of her one son. The composing of anthems is forgotten when they're around. But not for long. Composing anthems is Mrs. Adams's life work. Five anthems, accepted for publication, is her writing record for one week, she says.

If you do not have this for your scrap-book I certainly was pleased with both pictures. Kept it - otherwise "I'd like it back" + remarks Love - Alice N L

7—European herring.
12—Ecclesiastical representative.
18—Breathe.
19—Part of an animal's stomach.
20—Mean.
22—Pigment of the Chinese aster.
23—Stout cords.
24—City in Arthurian legend.
25—Tasteless with age.
26—Dismiss from office.
28—Sources of being.
30—Member of an Indonesian tribe.
31—Ringlet.
32—Pointed piece of wood.
33—Rhythm.
34—Journey.
35—Skill.
36—Task.
37—Ciphers.
41—Mohammedan scriptures.
42—Portions.
43—Lubricates.
44—Scorch.
45—Part of Teutonic alphabet.
46—Pour to the top again.
49—Fray.
50—Fondles.
54—Old womanish.
55—Raves.
56—Weathercocks.
57—Strike lightly.
58—Vehicles.
59—Small ropes.
60—Flat-bottomed boat.
61—Instance of the kind.
62—Greek letter.
63—Diving birds.
64—Adhesive mixture.
65—Place of safety.
66—System of calisthenics.
68—Stories.
[illegible] cons sting of birds.
71—Hills of sand.
72—Withered.
73—Bondsmen.
76—Functions in trigonometry.
77—Hires.
81—Animal.
82—Polite.
83—Reserved.
84—Human beings.
85—Arabian chieftain.
86—Visages.
87—Documents.
88—Peruvian fertility goddess.
89—Humor.
90—Sneaks.
91—Accord.
92—Feudal estate.
93—Light cotton fabric.
95—Italian playing card.
97—Remove hair.
99—Cleanse.
100—Select company.
101—Narrates.
102—Retard.
104—Gazer.

VERTICAL.

1—Bodily movement.
2—Phoenician goddess of fertility.
3—Charm.
4—Employ.
5—Biblical name.
6—Legislators.
7—Rower nearest the stern.
8—Make evident.
9—Mature.
10—Mimic.
11—Pieces used in mosaic work.
12—Those who interlace.
13—Elude.
14—Jewels.
15—Exist.
16—Pertaining to the ankles.
17—Exhibit self-centeredness.
18—Knave.
21—Public storehouses.
27—Planet.
[illegible] Covering of a nut.
33—Combine.
34—Woody plants.
36—South American country.
37—Divisions of the earth.
38—Trees.
40—Winds spirally.
41—Dress of the Highlands.
42—Thick soup.
44—Dispatches.
45—Set in a row.
46—Talked insanely.
47—Growing out.
48—Concluding.
49—French river.
50—Two-wheeled carriages.
51—Cudgel.
52—Makes more comfortable.
53—Exhausted.
55—Implants firmly.
56—Receptacles for flowers.
59—Central parts.
60—Large bundles.
61—Mark of omission.
[illegible] door.
65—Hasten.
67—Rescuer.
68—Country of Africa.
69—Fruits.
71—Deprived.
72—Breaks into pieces.
73—Seethed.
74—Restricted.
75—Perturb.
76—Ill.
77—Point of the under-jaw.
78—Proceed.
79—More distant.
80—Traps.
82—Lie or heel over.
83—Wickerwork baskets.
86—Plants.
87—Indited.
88—Pertaining to the cheek.
90—Italian coin.
91—Wide smile.
92—Polish measure.
94—Encountered.
96—Winged part.
98—Fondle.

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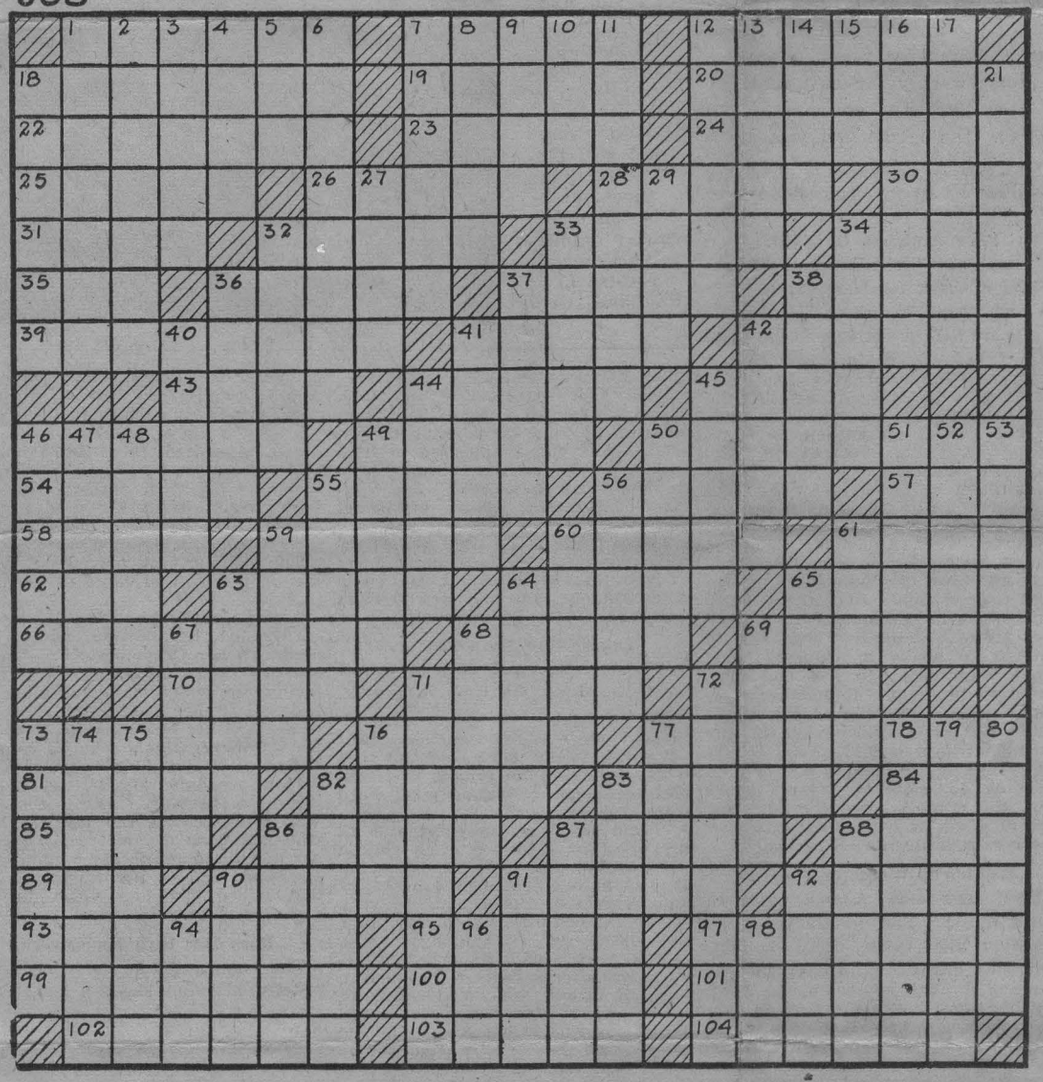

Answer will be found on another page of Star today.

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[illegible] Board

Three new members have been named to the executive committee of the Butler University Alumni Association for 1936-37, according to Miss Sarah T. Sisson, secretary. They are Frank Reissner Jr., Mrs. Jane Ogburn Bruce and Francis Payne, all of Indianapolis.

Mr. Reissner is a member of the class of 1934, Mrs. Bruce was graduated in 1928 and Mr. Payne in 1916. Officers of the alumni association comprise the rest of the executive committee. They are William Pearcy, '23, president; Layman Kingsbury, '11, first vice-president; Mrs. Oren R. McColgin, '20, second vice-president, and Miss Sisson.

The first meeting of the committee will be held at the university Aug. 3.

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath. If Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
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Each year we hear from thousands of Hay Fever and Rose Cold sufferers telling about the QUICK RELIEF they get with Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Keep a supply on hand. Your druggist has it in powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. But insist on Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR, long endorsed by asthmatics as well as those subject to hay fever. Or write for a free trial supply of all three. R. Schiffmann Co., Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. 9

Community Vertical File

Biography

Spectator

Bio. - Adams, Carrie B.

MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS, wife of Allyn G. Adams, stands at the head of musical women of Terre Haute in the field of composition. Few know to what extent she has been engaged in composing for the last fifteen years. The demand for her work has been progressive until she is now a "day laborer" at this avocation. She has a market for all her output which, of course, is very much to the point. There are many who "compose" but there are no audiences clamoring to hear them; they are drugs on the musical market.

Mrs. Adams' musical brain suggests a mine, which, when once tapped, leads constantly into fresh chambers. A composition completed, another theme springs into her mind, knocking for transcription.

Her Music Used Over Whole Country.

Her church music is used from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate; the borders of Canada to the West Indies. It must be remembered there are thousands of churches. Every hamlet has two or three, all looking for a popular style of religious composition for services and Sunday school entertainments, which will appeal to the masses—to that large class of people who do not understand the intricacies of classic compositions. The "Masses" written for the early church of Rome, while standing the test of the ages as to majesty, do not satisfy the average twentieth century church-goer. Church-going people are much like the habitues of the theaters. They demand variety, something that stirs their emotion without requiring a musical training to be able to enjoy them.

Mrs. Adams stands very high in this class of composers who please the majority of church-going people. Her music is not the only talent Mrs. Adams possesses. She wields a ready pen, writing the librettos of her operettas, and they sparkle with funny turns. Then she is a splendid housekeeper and cook. When it is said of her that she is a good housekeeper it is not meant she knows how to direct and secure fine results from a cook. She does her own cooking. All the years Mr. and Mrs. Adams have lived in their beautiful Collett Park home it has been the scene of the most generous hospitality. The upper floor, one large room, was called "Rose Reservation," because it was there she held the rehearsals of the Rose Polytechnic Glee Club and where many dances were enjoyed by the Poly boys and their sweethearts.

Large delegations of Paris relatives and friends were continually invited for house parties being placed in Rose Reservation to accommodate the number. For days before these house parties Mrs. Adams would be engaged between transcribing compositions, which she does very rapidly, in baking hams, roasting chickens and turkeys with all sorts of good things that could be prepared in advance. Then her yeast rolls would be one of the achievements in the baking to be served hot on the arrival of the guests.

Her latest composition she has named "The Tale of a Hat." The title excites a curiosity which can be satisfied, as this operetta will be given here the last of April. But let us go back and give a brief sketch of the musical life of Mrs. Adams.

A Progressive Musicale.

Playing for the family singing on the melodeon at 5; the cabinet organ at 7; attending musical conventions with her father and singing alto in the Hallelujah Chorus and other oratorio and opera selections at 9; a Sunday School organist at 11; a teacher of piano, organ and harmony in her father's musical institutes, and a church organist at 14; a composer of anthems at 15; a director of choirs and choral societies at 18; taking the leading contralto parts in "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and other operas given by amateurs in her home city of Paris, Ill., where music was for years the chosen recreation of the young people; playing the first pipe organ built in Paris; getting married and removing to Terre Haute—all before March 1, 1882—kept Mrs. Carrie B. Wilson Adams pretty busy.

She took charge of the organ and choir in the First Congregational Church immediately upon her arrival here, and with the exception of two years at Centenary Church, in '87 and '88, and an enforced vacation to "enjoy poor health" in 1901 after a severe attack of grip, her work has been in that church until five years ago, when she took charge of the music in the Central Christian Church, where she has two large choirs, a men's chorus, a glee club, and a fine organ built especially for her needs.

Mrs. Adams was for seven years head of the department of music in the State Normal School; for several years chairman and member of the program committee of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association; associate editor of the Choir Herald, which has included one anthem each month for the past fifteen years, as a part of her duties; for ten years director of the Rose Polytechnic glee club, during which time the opera of "Pinafore," "The National Flower" burlesque and an augmented presentation of "Red Riding Hood" were given in addition to sixty or seventy concerts; organist for the Oratorio Society, playing the Messiah score alone in sixteen concerts; director of the Treble Clef Club for three years—the largest organization of its kind in the West—and director of the Choral Society in three presentations of The Messiah.

In 1891 Mrs. Adams planned to give a little flower concert to raise the last $80.00 due on the grand piano in the Congregational Sunday School. The result was the operetta, "The National Flower," which netted the church nearly $2,000.00 in six performances during that year and the next, filling the old Naylor Opera House from top to bottom. Paris sent over a delegation of two hundred people. There were that many people in the operetta, to all of whom it ranks as one of the great experiences of their lives.

For many years Mrs. Adams was a pioneer music instructor in the county institutes. She has given more than a hundred organ recitals at home and elsewhere and assisted in varous entertainments in most of the churches in the city. Her published works in-

Vigo County Public Library

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NOT TO BE CIRCULATED

clude a book for public schools, six anthem books—the latest one, "Prayer and Praise," just off the press—two Christmas operettas, two Christmas cantatas for choir, two Easter cantatas, both of which were given in the city on Easter Sunday, one glee club book, one book of sacred music for men's choruses, and a large number of songs and octavo choruses. The manuscript of three books—one for glee clubs, one for women's voices and one for mixed chorus clubs in high schools and elsewhere—represent the past winter's work and will be brought out in the fall by the Lorenz Publishing Co., with whom she is under contract.

The Tale of a Hat.

Mrs. Adams has written a new operetta, the dramatis personae being selected from choir singers she has known, the whole woven into a most laughable musical extravaganza under the alluring title, "The Tale of a Hat." "The National Flower" was first given twenty-two years ago and Mrs. Adams plans to celebrate the event by presenting this, her latest achievment. She has assigned the parts in

Marie Price Howe.

December 7, 1934.

Mr. Arthur Adams,
Trinity College,
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Mr. Adams:

I am starting a rather ambitious project, the copying of the marriage records of Indiana, beginning with Vigo County.

The first entry is of May 19, 1818 and to include 1850 will comprise over 3000 marriages, the next decade had nearly 2500 more, while 1861-70 will extend it over 3300 more.

As I want to make it self indexing by arranging all names, both bride and groom in alphabetical order, I must decide as to the extent of the work before setting it up in order.

The first period should certainly be taken complete for anything before 1850 is pioneer material but with fifty names to the page, it will run to 120 pages, too much for a mimeographed edition using one side only of the sheet.

Is there sufficient market to justify printing and binding, which is of course the proper way to make it permanent, or will it have to rest in mimeograph form because there is not call for the quantity that will justify printing?

Can you suggest a few eastern libraries whose opinion would likewise help me decide the form to follow?

Yours truly,

VIGO COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Adams

TELEPHONE TABOR 3492

mailed card DJC 1971 hist. collection

Carrie B. Adams
COMMUNITY SONG LEADER
Chorus Director
Associate Editor CHOIR HERALD
Etc., Etc.

Choir Books

Adam's Favorite Anthems
Anthems of Praise and Prayer
The Communion Choir
Young Men's Chorus Nos. 1 and 2
Young Women's Chorus

CANTATAS

Redeemer and King
The Angelic Choir
Star of Bethlehem
Easter Praise
The Resurrection Hope
Now is Christ Risen
Thanksgiving and Praise
The Christmas Adoration

Special Day Services

Tidings of the Morning
The Harbor of Home } Mother's Day
Mother Mine
Memories of Mother
Loyal Service } Rally Day
Fall in Line
The Wonderful Birthday
The Lowly King } Christmas
Star of the King
America! The Land We Love

Songs for Children
(Book For Graded Sunday Schools)

Operettas

The National Flower (For Schools, etc.)
Under the Stars and Stripes (Schools)
The Tale of a Hat (Choirs, Clubs, etc.)
The Chimes of Yesterday
(For Clubs, High Schools, Old Folks' Concerts, Community Singing, etc.)
Old Cabin Home Minstrels

Glee Club Books

In Lighter Vein (Men's Voices)
Songs New and Old (Men's Voices)
Songs New and Old (Women's Voices)
Songs New and Old (High Schools, etc.)

Portland, Oregon,
1702 Division Street

November 19-1923.

Mr. Henry C. Gilbert, Chairman.
Vigo County Historical Society.
Terre Haute, Indiana.

My Dear Mr. Gilbert:

Your letter and card of invitation to become honorary members of the Vigo County Historical Society gave us very great pleasure and we hasten to accept the honor conferred upon us. We are very proud to be among the chosen ones.

Having spent thirty-eight of our forty-one years of married life in Terre Haute, and having known most of your members throughout those years, we feel that we are part and parcel of old Terre Haute-"on the banks of the Wabash, far away!"-in spirit and in truth, now that we are counted among the elect! And I'm glad you intimated that reminiscences were sometimes in order.

We were married in Paris, Illinois a few short years ago-in 1880, to be exact- and in 1881 Mr. Adams went to Terre Haute to become a member of the W. H. Paige Music Co. staff. In March, 1882, we removed ourselves bag and baggage from Paris-said baggage consisting, in addition to a modicum of furniture, of three bird cages of assorted sizes containing a mocking bird, a redbird and a canary bird, and a large wire flower stand filled with all sorts of blooming begonias, heliotrope, fuchias, geraniums and what not. The mockingbird died,

the redbird was so low-spirited that we released him one bright spring morning; the canary took French leave one day; and the flowers grew sad and discouraged early in their city life, in spite of liberal waterings-by which token we firmly believed there was something wrong with the Indiana climate.

We rented the E.Frank Howe house on South Seventh street, where Mrs. E.W.Ross and Mrs. L.F.Perdue were my first callers;and because it was fully eight blocks from Main street, we always rode one way in the herdic, walking two blocksto get it. I cant recall any special impressions made upon me by the city unless it was the large plate glass windows with their beautiful scrim curtains on South Sixth street, as I gazed from the lumbering herdic in transit.

However, it wasnt long till we acquired a pony and phaeton in order to save herdic fares.That pony, although some twenty-five years of age, had a most youthful appetite, and it took more than herdic fares to sustain her, we discovered.But we took trips of discovery every Sunday afternoon, and on one occasion drove out to view the site of the Rose Orphan Home, and then back to the Rose Polytechnic Institute.It required some three or four hours to negotiate the two and get back to the old First Congregational church at Sixth and Cherry streets in time for evening service- but our pony was gaited on the adagio ritardando order;in fact, I would go so far as to surmise that the element of speed was entirely lacking in her make-up.But we could see signs of gaining a little headway, frequently.The utmost in the way of a drive with that pony was out to Lake Fluvanna where all the Congregational picnics were held with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Gilbert and family-the staunchest friends we ever had.It was a several hours' journey on bumpy old Poplar street in the days when pavements were confined to a short section of Main street, and we could have walked it in less time than it

took that fiery steed of ours to accomplish it.

Which reminds me that the discussion of the value of the Collett gift to the city of twenty-two acres of trees beyond the cornfields, some two miles north of Main street was at its height in those days, and great was our astonishment when we were told that the Allen girls-daughters of Judge Allen- had actually walked out to see what this doubtful possession was like.We didnt believe it, for no mere girl could walk that far;and besides, some folks said it was not worth going to see. We got as far as the old Scott home on North Seventh street one Sunday afternoon on our way to see for ourselves, but had to give it up and drive pretty fast-save the mark!- to get back to church before seven-thirty. By this time our pony had a record:She could travel longer and cover the least ground of any quadruped that ever jumped up and down in one spot under the delusion that she was going somewhere!

Before we were living in Terre Haute I was engaged to take charge of the organ and choir in the First Congregational church.That was i n March 1882, in the days when Flora Kellar, Ida Ensey, George Hughes, and Allyn Adams were in the choir.Later, Mrs. Hoberg and Dan Davis came to sing with us, and later still Anna Hyde Hager, Mollie Katsenbach Richardson,Mrs. Howard Mater, Anna Auble Buntin, John Aikman-and so on throughout twenty-eight years of continuous service for both of us with the exception oftwo years at Centenary shortly after their fine O'dell organ was installed, when W.S.Roney, J.Smith Talley, J.H.Landrum and I.H.C.Royce were moving spirits in that church.

I can see every pew in that grand old First Congregational church.While the idea of rented pews doesnt flourish in this day and age, it flourished then, and I knew just where to look for the

Dr. Worrell, Brokaws, the Gilberts, thePeddles, the Fullers, the Duncans, the Rosses, the Perdues, the Reas, the Paddocks, the Kidders, the Oakeys, the Fosters, the McKeens, the Warrens, the Hunleys, the Paiges, and many others, with Demas Deming, Col.Nelson, Col.McLain, and oft times Senator Voorhees looming up in the rear.

And the galaxy of fine preachers we knew in those days! E.Frank Howe had just gone when we came, and Mr. Croft was the earnest preacher in charge.Then followed broad-minded Dr. Corning; beloved Dr. Crum;dramatic Michael Angelo Daugherty;peace-loving Mr. Percival;and pugnacious Dr. Waterman. During all but the last of these pastorates we strove to"make the penalty fit the crime," musically speaking, and many are the happy memories of those days, and the narrow escapes we had in selecting appropriate hymns to follow the good Dr. Corning's sermons.(He never cared to be bothered with hymns.)On one occasion his text was "I go a-fishing."The hymn I had selected in advance of that knowledge contained the line

"Shall such a worthless worm as I"-

which threw the choir into a panic.We hurriedly changed it to "Shall we gather at the River", and never dreamed but what we had saved the day! Truly, those were days!

Then there was the good old Hook and Hastings organ;the big new Sanborn organ-the largest outside of Indianapolis at that time;- and its removal to the "little church around the corner" where ministerial Mr. Wentworth was followed by studious and spiritual Mr. Talmage, who in turn was succeeded by optimistic, energetic Mr. Herring just before we came to Oregon in 1920. There may be other churches that have contributed as much to the up-building of Terre Haute as the old First Congregational church--but we happen to know this one best, and love it for its past, present and future.

During thirty-three of these years Mr. Adams was with the American Hominy Co-first with B.G.Hudnut, until he sold his interests to the American Hominy Co.-and a few years ago that Company could have ground the entire corn crop of Oregon in two days.But now they raise much more, and of better grade., through the efforts of the Agricultural College.But it has a long ways to go before it can equal Indiana corn, according to Mr. Adams.

We like Oregon;its climate;its people; its rivers, lakes and mountains; its wonderful fruits and flowers; its verdure; and its gentle rains, which always brings to mind

"He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth."

But we would like it better if we could transplant all the friends of other years to this beautiful Willamette Valley-and there's room, too!

Again thanking you for remembering us and with regards to all friends, we remain

Sincerely Yours-

Carrie B. Adams.

Allyn G. Adams

Special Collections

Adams, Carrie B. Family

ADAMS FAMILY

Carrie Adams Directed Early Congregational Choir

Trib-Star 6/27/1971

By DOROTHY J. CLARK

Soon after the marriage of Carrie B. and Allyn G. Adams in Paris, Illinois in 1880, Mr. Adams was employed by the W. H. Paige Music Co. in Terre Haute. In March, 1882 the young couple moved to Terre Haute and rented the E. Frank Howe house on South 7th street where Mrs. E. W. Ross and Mrs. L. F. Perdue were the first callers.

Because it was fully eight blocks from Main street, the Adams always rode one way in the Herdic, walking two blocks over to Sixth street to get it. The Herdic was the mule or horse-drawn streetcar, the only public transportation of the Eighties. Mrs. Adams always remembered the large plate glass windows with their beautiful scrim curtains on South Sixth as she rode by in the lumbering Herdic.

Thinking to save Herdic fares, the young couple acquired an old pony and phaeton, but the cost of feeding the animal was more than they bargained for. They took trips of discovery every Sunday afternoon, and on one occasion drove out to view the site of the Rose Orphan Home and then back to the Rose Polytechnic Institute (now Gerstmeyer High School), a trip which took some three or four hours to negotiate and arrive back at the old First Congregational Church at 6th and Cherry in time for evening service.

Another favorite drive was out east on bumpy, old Poplar street in the days of no pavement to Lake Fluvanna on the Joseph Gilbert farm on South Fruitridge Avenue where all the church picnics were held.

DOROTHY J. CLARK

Mrs. Adams was astonished to hear that the Allen girls, daughters of Judge Allen, had actually walked out to see the new Collett gift to the city of 22 acres of trees beyond the cornfields, some two miles north of Main street. Some folks said it was not worth going to see.

One Sunday afternoon the Adams got as far as the old Scott home on North 8th on their way to see Collett Park for themselves when they had to give it up and turn back to arrive at church before 7:30 p.m. The Scott home was where the Clara Fairbanks Home is now at 7th and 8th Avenue.

In 1882 when Carrie B Adams was engaged to take charge of the organ and choir at First Congregational church, some of the choir members were: Flora Keller, Ida Ensey, Geo. Hughes and Allyn Adams.

Later Mrs. Hoberg and Dan Davis joined the choir, and later still Anna Hude Hager, Mollie Katzenbach Richardson, Mrs. Howard Mater, Anna Auble Buntin, John Aikman ,and so on through 28 years of continuous service with the exception of two years at Centenary Church shortly after their fine O'Dell organ was installed when W. S. Roney, J. Smith Talley, J. H. Landrum and L. H. C. Royce were moving spirits in that church.

Rented pews were in vogue in that old First Congregational church and Carrie B Adams knew exactly where to look for the Brokaws, Dr. Worrell, the Gilberts, Peddies, Fullers, Duncans, Rosses, Perdues, Reas, Paddocks, Kidders, Oakeys, Fosters, McKeens, Warrens, Hunleys, Paiges and many others with Demas Deming, Col. Nelson, Col. McLean and sometimes Senator Voorhees looming up in the rear seats.

Mrs. Adams remembered the preachers of those days. E. Frank Howe had just moved on when the Adamses came to Terre Haute and Mr. Croft was the earnest preacher in charge. Then followed broad-minded Dr. Corning; beloved Dr. Crum; dramatic Michael Angelo Daugherty; peace-loving Mr. Percival; and pugnacious Dr. Waterman.

Among Mrs. Adams' memories were the narrow excapes

Continued On Page 5, Col. 1.

Dorothy Clark

Continued From Page 4.

she had in selecting appropriate hymns to follow the sermons. On one occasion before she knew Dr. Corning's text was "I go a-fishing," she had selected a hymn with the line "shall such a worthless worm as I," which threw the choir into a panic. This was quickly changed to "Shall We Gather At The River," hardly more appropriate than the first choice!

Then there was the good old Hook & Hastings organ; the big new Sanborn organ, the largest outside Indianapolis at that time; and its removal to the "little church around the corner" where ministerial Mr. Wentworth was followed by studious and spiritual Mr. Talmadge, who was succeeded by optimistic, energetic Mr. Herirng just before the Adams left for Portland, Oregon, in 1920 to be near their son, Stanley Adams.

Attorney Adams was with the American Hominy Co., first with B .G. Hudnut until he sold his interests to the company. At that time the company could have ground the entire corn crop of Oregon in two days. According to Mr. Adams the Oregon crop had a long way to go before it could equal Indiana corn.

Carrie B. Adams was well known for her choir books, glee club song books, and the operettas, cantatas and special day service music she had composed and published. She died in 1940 at the age of 81 years in Oregon. Her husband and son had preceeded her in death. She was the first woman in America to direct Handel's "The Messiah." She had composed more church music than any other woman in America and had won national fame as a composer of 4,000 anthems, 12 cantatas, 6 operettas, 5 anthem booksand were first prSHR HR R R D operettas, 5 anthem books and numberous other works. Many were first produced in Terre Haute under her direction. In addition to her church efforts, Carrie B. Adams was the head of the the music department of I. S. T. C for seven years and director of the Rose Poly Institute glee club for 21 years.

For nearly 40 years Carrie B. Adams was an important part of Terre Haute's religious, musical and social life.

LOCAL HISTORY
Vigo County Public Library
PAMPHLET FILE
INDIANA ROOM
REFERENCE DO NOT CIRCULATE
VIGO COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA
Adams Family

Carrie B. Adams file

1) One musical program, dated May 8 and 9, 1891, from Naylor's Opera House
2) One musical program, dated June 23 and 24, 1903, from the Grand Opera House
3) Several old newspaper articles pertaining to Mrs. Carrie Adams, the composer

ADAMS, CARRIE B.

"THE FORESTERS"

MOORE & LANGEN PTG. CO., TERRE HAUTE

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

JUNE 23 AND 24, 1903.

"There be Good Fellows there in Merry Sherwood."

Friar Tuck in "The Foresters," Act I, Sc. 2

"The Foresters"

SENIOR CLASS-DAY EXERCISES

INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

"THE FORESTERS" IS PRODUCED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE FOLLOWING SENIORS:

Pearl G. Berry,
Alma Beste,
Bertha M. Boyer,
Carrie Bunce,
Ellwood E. Brooks,
Faith E. Brown,
Harriet Bulliet,
Margaret Carpenter,
Wm. S. Cushing,
Bertha Dodson,
Julia H. Duenweg,
Alva H. Ford,
Gertrude Freeman,
Harriet Fuller,
Robert C. Harris,
Nellie Head,
John B. Hessong,
Stella Hessong,
M. Antoinette Hoffman,
Margaret Hester,
Rolla M. Hogue,
Oscar H. Hammonds,
Grace E. Inman,
Myra Jackson,
Dessie B. Kitch,
Florence King,
Ernest Lamson,
Minnie B. Lammers,
Mabel Lawrence,
Edith Lawson,
George R. Leonard,
Arthur Mayfield,
Emma Merring,
Francis W. Miles,
Grace Mitchell,
Earle E. McFerren,
John Martin,
Wm. F. Neel,
Walter T. Orr,
Leonard K. Parr,
Lora Pearson,
Bernice Pearson,
Mary Peterson,
Cora Planett,
Albert G. Porter,
Sarah C. Schafer,
Anna Schnieb,
Sarah Swihart,
Laura E. Shryer,
Guy C. Sipple,
Wm. C. Smythe,
Everett Simpson,
Mary Speas,
Harry A. Sommers,
Harriet Sonnefield,
Emmet C. Stopher,
Bessie Stretcher,
Brainard L. Vawter,
Irvin B. Warner,
Minnie Weyl,
Genevieve Weems,
Cecile D. White,
Ruth A. Wilson,
M. Alma Wyrick,
Charles A. Wright,
Wm. E. Wellman,
Daniel W. Werremeyer,
Hardin Whitmarsh,
Carrie Welch,
Charles Woolard,

Emma J. Wurster.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

The thanks of the class are due to a number of persons who have helped very materially in the production of "The Foresters."

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams has written the music especially to fit the sentiment of the play.

Mr. J. L. Maynard, the stage manager of the Grand Opera House, by kindly help and suggestions, has contributed much to the success of the play.

The dances have been arranged and directed by Prof. Oskar Duenweg.

Mr. Walter W. Storms, of New York City, gave valuable aid in assisting the class to procure the stage version of "The Foresters."

Mrs. J. L. Maynard has had the entire charge of the costuming.

The entire management and staging of the play has been under Prof. Chas. M. Curry's direction. He has been the moving spirit from the first and to his untiring energy and enthusiasm is due all that has been accomplished. The class desires to express its heartiest appreciation for what Prof. Curry has done to make the close of the senior year happy and full of pleasant memories.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1903

...IN...

THE FORESTERS; ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN

BY ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.

NOTE.—The stage version of "The Foresters" used in this performance is the one made by the late Augustin Daly, of New York, and is used through permission of and special arrangement with Mr. Richard Dorney, one of the executors of Mr. Daly's estate.

The dramatic action and entire staging of the play under the direction of Professor Charles M. Curry.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Maid Marian, Daughter of Sir Richard Lea, ... NELLIE HEAD
Kate, Attendant on Marian . . . . . DESSIE KITCH
An Old Woman . . . . . GENEVIEVE WEEMS
Titania, Queen of the Faries . . . . . BERTHA BOYER
Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon . . . . . EMMET STOPHER
King Richard, Cœur de Lion . . . . . CHAS. A. WRIGHT
Prince John . . . . . E. E. BROOKS
A Justiciary, A Mercenary . . . . . GUY C. SIPPLE
Sheriff of Nottingham . . . . . B. L. VAWTER
Abbot of St. Mary's . . . . . ROBT. C. HARRIS
Sir Richard Lea . . . . . ARTHUR T. MAYFIELD
Walter Lea, Son of Sir Richard Lea . . . . . ALMA WYRICK
Little John, Will Scarlet, Friar Tuck, Much — Followers of Robin Hood . . . . . J. B. HESSONG, ALBERT G. PORTER, EARLE E. MCFERREN, A. H. FORD
A Pursuivant . . . . . D. W. WERREMEYER
Three Merry Beggars . . . . . H. A. SOMMERS, J. N. MARTIN, I. B. WARNER
Three False Friars . . . . . F. W. MILES, D. W. WERREMEYER, W. S. CUSHING
Three Lank Retainers . . . . . F. W. MILES, L. K. PARR, G. C. SIPPLE

FORESTERS, MEN-AT-ARMS, TRUMPETERS, PAGES, PEASANTS, ETC.

Alma Beste, E. E. Brooks, Faith Brown, R. C. Harris, Emma Wurster, Geo. R. Leonard, Sarah Schafer, F. W. Miles, Mabel Lawrence, Walter T. Orr, Myra Jackson, L. K. Parr, B. L. Vawter, Laura Shryer, I. B. Warner, Minnie Weyl, Cecile White, Harriet Fuller, Margaret Hester, Bertha Dodson, H. A. Sommers, Grace Inman, W. E. Wellman, Sarah Swihart, Hattie Sonnefield, Minnie Lammers, Anna Schneib, Genevieve Weems, Julia Duenweg, Bernice Pierson, Chas. Woollard, Bessie Stretcher, J. N. Martin, Antoinette Hoffman and Guy C. Sipple.

FAIRIES.

Alma Beste, Faith Brown, Emma Wurster, Sarah Schafer, Mabel Lawrence Mary Peterson, Myra Jackson, Laura Shryer, Bertha Dodson, Grace Inman, Margaret Hester, Julia Duenweg, Bernice Pierson, Anna Schneib, Bessie Stretcher, Antoinette Hoffman and Alma Wyrick.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Scene 1.—The Bond. The Garden before Sir Richard Lea's Castle.
(INTERMISSION OF 10 MINUTES.)
Scene 2. The Outlawry. A Hall in the house of the Earl of Huntingdon.
ACT II.—The Flight of Marian. A glade in Sherwood Forest.
ACT III.—The Crowning of Marian. The heart of the Forest.
ACT IV.—Conclusion. The return of King Richard. A forest bower.

(The audience will please remain seated until the final curtain.)

Musical Director . . . . . Mrs. Carrie B. Adams
Accompanist . . . . . Miss Stella Hessong
Ballet Master . . . . . Prof. Oskar Duenweg
Orchestra . . . . . The Ringgold Orchestra
Wardrobe Mistress . . . . . Mrs. J. L. Maynard
Costumes . . . . . Fritz, Schoultz & Co., Chicago
Scenery . . . . . Armbruster and Sons, Columbus, O., and Chevalier and Maynard, Terre Haute.

MUSICAL PROGRAM.

Lyrics:

The musical settings for the lyrics of the play have all been composed by Mrs. Adams especially for this production. The orchestration has been arranged by Prof. Breinig.

No. 1. Act I, Scene 1. "The Warrior Earl" . . . . . Miss Kitch
No. 2. Act I, Scene 1. "Love Flew in at the Window" . . . Miss Head
No. 3. Act I, Scene 2. "Long Live Richard" . . . . . Male Chorus
No. 4. Act I, Scene 2. "To Sleep" . . . . . Male Quartette
Messrs. Miles, Hessong, Ford and Porter.
No. 5. Act II. "There is No Land Like England" . . . . Full Chorus
No. 6. Act III. "By all the Deer that Spring" . Mr. Porter and Chorus
No. 7. Act III. "The Bee buzzed up in the heat" . . . . . Miss Kitch
No. 8. Act IV. "Now the King is home again" . . . . . Full Chorus
(The vocal scores of Nos. 5 and 8 are given complete on the following pages).

The Orchestra:

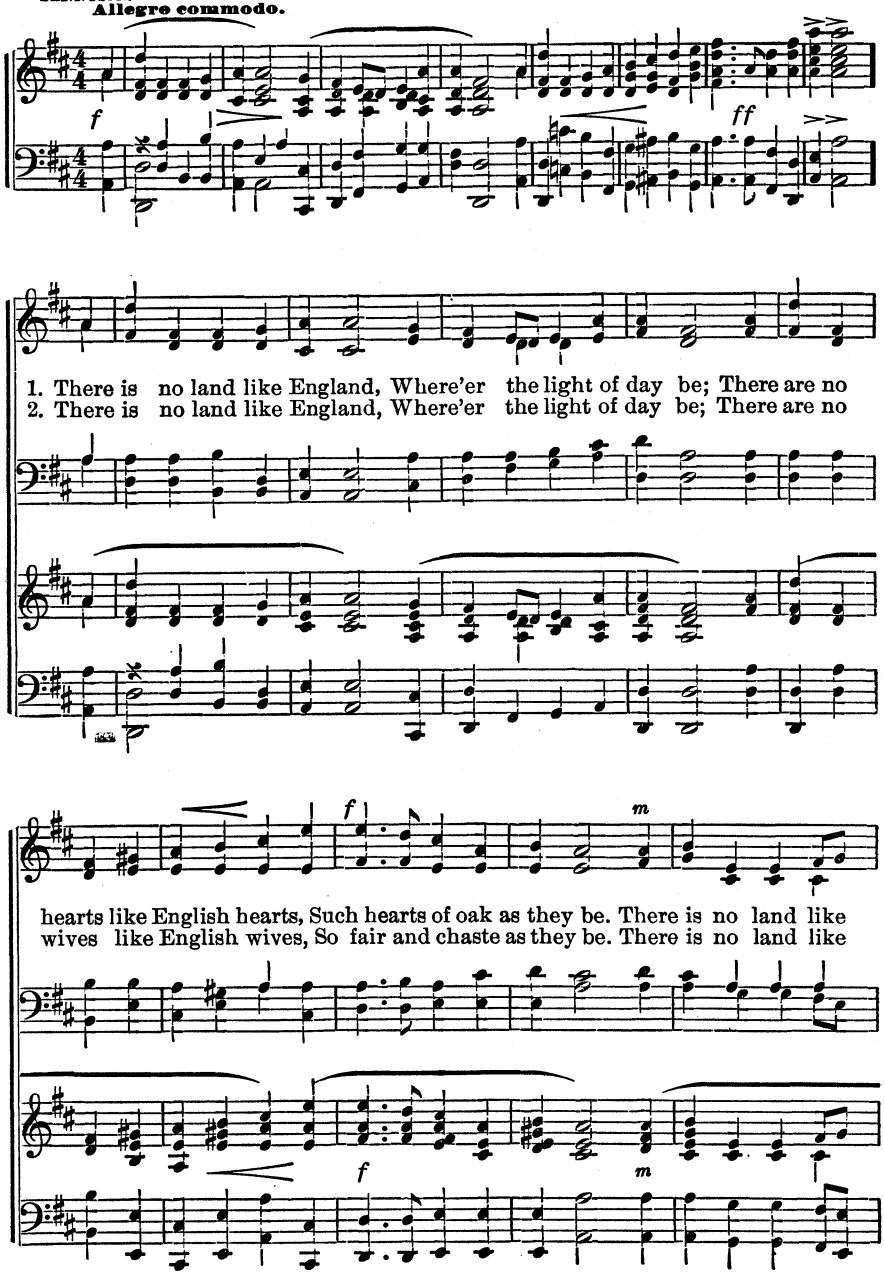
No. 1. Overture from "Robin Hood" . . . . . *DeKoven*
No. 2. Characteristic. "Hiawatha" . . . . . *Moret*
No. 3. Selection from Opera "Dolly Varden" . . . . . *Edwards*
No. 4. Selection from Opera "Prince of Pilsen" . . . . . *Luders*
No. 5. Mexican Intermezzo "Orizaba" . . . . . *Dewey*
No. 6. Selection from Opera "Sultan of Sulu" . . . . . *Walthall*

THERE IS NO LAND LIKE ENGLAND.

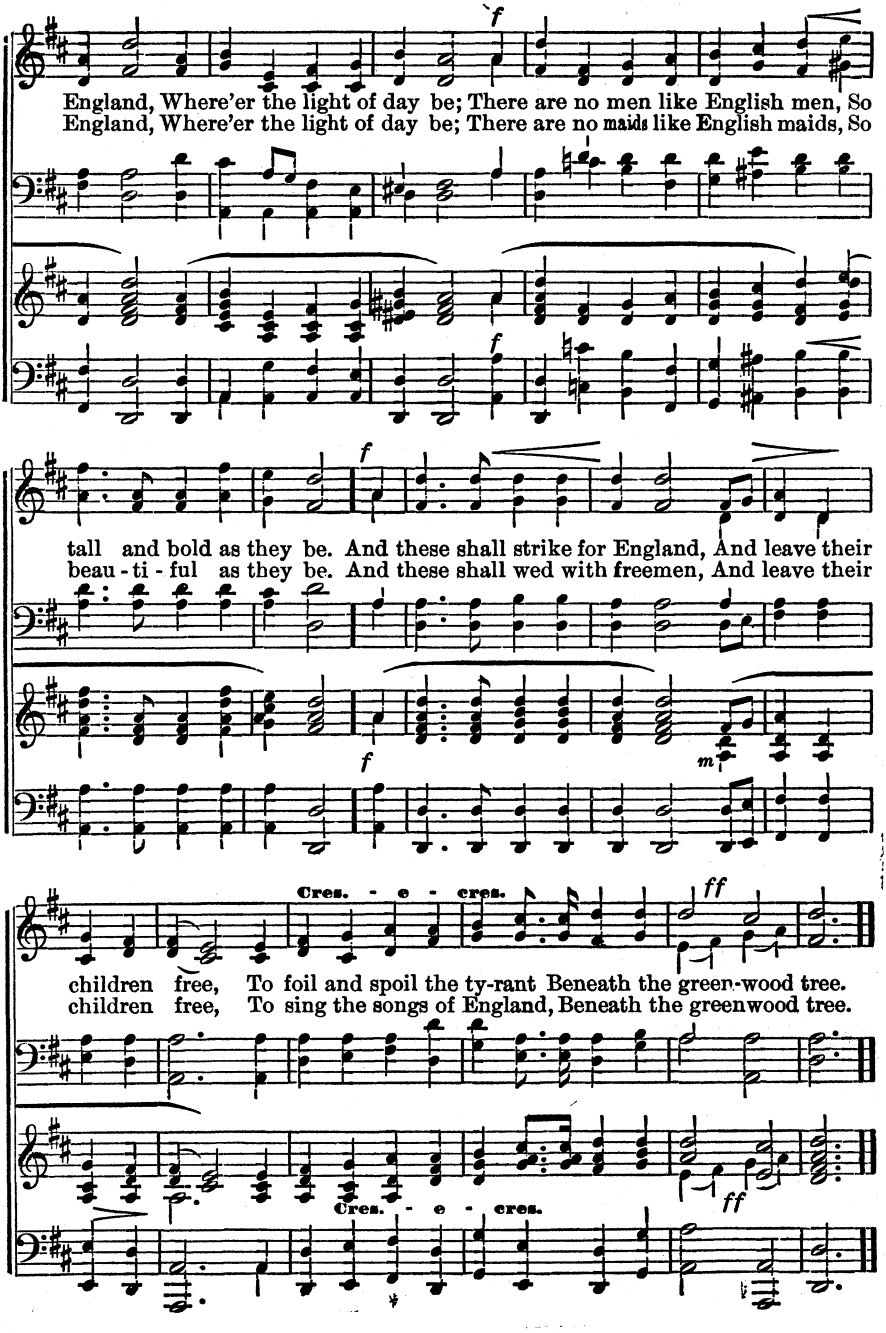
(FORESTERS' CHORUS.)

TENNYSON. MRS. CARRIE B ADAMS.

Allegro commodo.

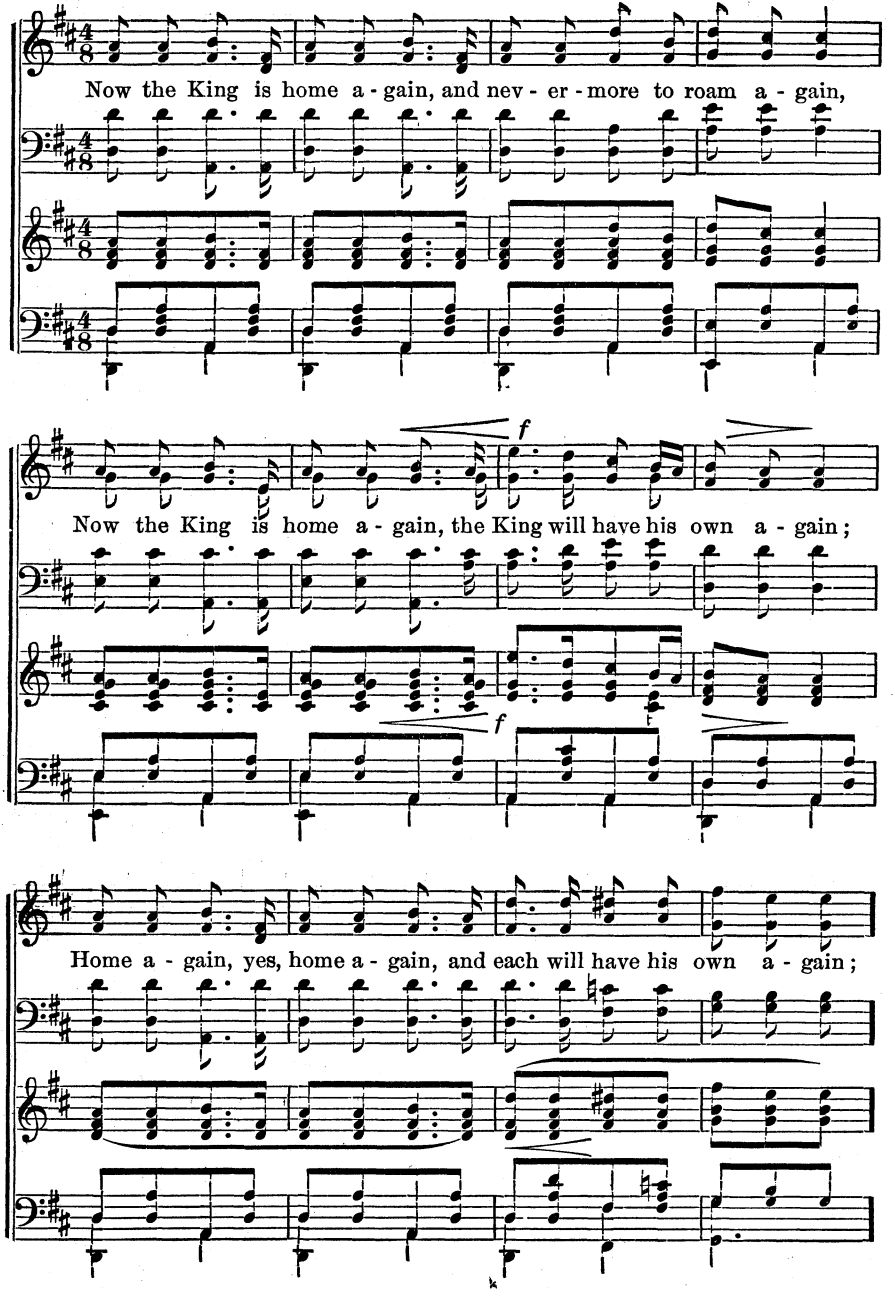


THERE IS NO LAND LIKE ENGLAND. Concluded.

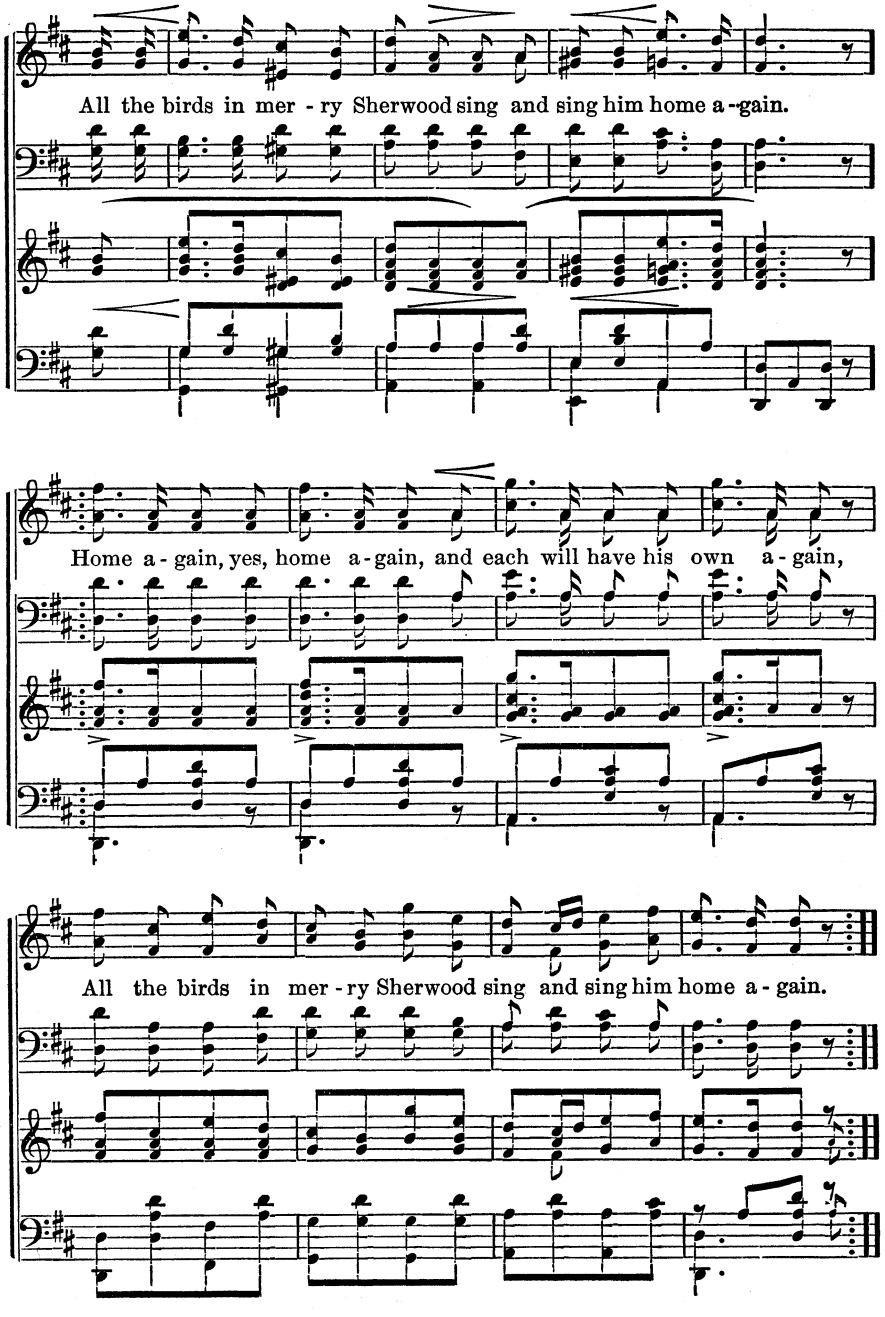


NOW THE KING IS HOME AGAIN.

TENNYSON. (CHORUS.) MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.



NOW THE KING IS HOME AGAIN. Concluded.



"Our forest games are ended, our free life,
And we must hence to the King's Court. Farewell."

Robin Hood in "The Foresters," Act IV.

CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams, a song writer now living in Portland, Oregon, was a talented resident of Terre Haute for a number of years after her marriage to Allen Adams, an attorney and singer, who came here from Illinois. She has written a number of songs that are familiar to scores of children in the lower grades of the public schools.

Mrs. Adams is best known for her church music and is said to have written more than any other woman and the royalties on her songs bring her a large income.

ADAMS, CARRIE B

T.H. TRIB.
Aug 29, 1909

TERRE HAUTE WOMAN SEEKS BETTER MUSIC IN SCHOOLS

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams.

Mrs. Carrie B. Adams is spending this week and next doing institute work at Goshen and Sulphur Springs. Mrs. Adams is lecturing daily on public school music and chorus directing.

CARRIE ADAMS DIES; NOTED AS COMPOSER

Dec. 16, 1940

Word of the death in Portland, Ore., Sunday of Carrie B. Adams, former Terre Haute woman who had won national fame as a composer of music, was received by Terre Haute friends Monday.

Though Mrs. Adams with her husband and her son, Stanley Adams, moved from Terre Haute to Portland more than twenty years ago, she kept in close touch with her friends here, all of whom followed her work as a composer with great interest. For it was in Terre Haute that she won most of her fame and wrote the majority of the 4,000 anthems; twelve cantatas, six operettas, five anthem books, and numerous other works. Many of these were first produced in Terre Haute under the direction of Mrs. Adams.

Mrs. Adams, who was 81 years of age, was born in Paris, Ill., of a musical family. She herself began composing for publication at the age of 16.

She became director of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church in Paris at the age of 18. When she married Mr. Adams and came to Terre Haute to live, she became a director here, serving as director of the choir of the First Congregational Church for twelve years; that of the Central Christian Church for seven years; head of the music department of Indiana State Teachers College for seven years, and director of the Rose Polytechnic Glee Club for twelve years. She also directed the Terre Haute Oratorio Society and the Treble Clef Glee Club.

Mrs. Adams was the first woman in America to direct Handel's "The Messiah." She also was the composer of more church music and operettas than any other woman in America. Musical journals always considered her as one of the great composers of America. Often she was a contributor to all of them.

Mr. Adams and the son, Stanley, both preceded Mrs. Adams in death. She is survived by two granddaughters, Alice Adams and Mrs. Richard Scott, both students of the Pacific University; a sister, Merle Wilson; a niece, Mrs. Dorothy C. Henry, and a nephew, James A. Cook, all of Portland, Ore., and a nephew, Charles E. Brown, of Steubenville, Ohio.

"Sixty years ago," writes I. D. Reedy, superintendent of schools at Bicknell, Ind., "there was a four-part chorus entitled 'Ossian's Serenade,' which was very popular with the singing societies of that day. I do not know the author's name, unless it is indicated in the title. If some one of your many readers could advise me how to secure a copy of this song it would bring joy to the hearts of some old-time Hoosiers." Some years ago, several inquiries came to this column concerning this song, not one of the inquirers recalling the title, or more than a line or two of the poem. A correct version of the poem was finally secured, as follows:

Oh, come with me, in my little canoe,
Where the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
Oh, come with me, for I long to go
To those isles where the mango apples grow;
Come with me and be my love,
For you the jungle depths I'll rove,
And gather the honeycomb, bright as gold,
And chase the elk to its secret hold.

CHORUS.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle, with its silvery feet,
I'll give thee for a playmate sweet.

I'll climb the palm for the bia's nest,
Red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast,
I'll pierce the cocoa's cup for its wine,
And haste to thee, if thou'lt be mine.
Then come with me, in my light canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky is blue,
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay.

Oh, come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee.
Fresh as the fountain underground,
When first it is by the lapwing found.
Our sands are bare and down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gayly springs
As o'er the marbled courts of kings.

From Indianapolis Star
of about July 1. 1925
Published in
Songs of Yesterday
by Carrie B. Adams.
John Church Co.
Cincinnati, O.
My Mother often sang this
song to me in 1865 to 1873.
Geo. A. Bacon.

December 16, 1940

2

CARRIE B. ADAMS CALLED BY DEATH

Terre Haute Woman Noted For Her Musical Attainments, Passes In Portland, Ore.

Anna Bowles Wiley.

Carrie B. Adams, nationally known composer of anthems, cantatas, operettas and school songs, died in Portland, Ore., Sunday after an extended illness. To that city with Mr. Adams she moved in 1920 from Terre Haute to be near their son, Stanley Adams, who preceded her in death as did Mr. Adams.

She was 81 years of age but active until within a few weeks of her death and she had written more church music and operettas than any woman in America.

Mrs. Adams was born in Paris, Ill., one of a musical family of several sisters and brothers and her father and was active in the musical circles of Paris, Ill., and Terre Haute, beginning sixty years ago, she was organist and director of the choir at the First Presbyterian church in the Illinois city and later in Terre Haute.

Early in life she showed unusual musical talent, beginning her composing for publication at the age of sixteen years, choir directing at eighteen and directing light opera at twenty.

For twelve years she was organist and director of the choir at the First Congregational church here and at the First Christian church served in the same capacity for seven years.

She was at the head of the music department of the Indiana State Teachers College for seven years and directed the Rose Polytechnic Glee club for twelve years. She was director of the Terre Haute Oratorio society, and also the Treble Clef Glee club. She was the first woman in America to have directed Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah."

She had written more than 4,000 anthems, 12 cantatas, six operettas, five anthem books, 10 Sunday school cantatas besides all her other compositions, song books, etc. For the last 36 years she was associate editor of The Choir Herald, for which she has written an anthem for every monthly publication. Etude, musical publication, included Mrs. Adams as one of the great composers of America.

Mrs. Adams was the sister of Mrs. Wilbur Cook, formerly of Paris, Ill., who died six months ago, and also Mrs. O. M. Brown, whose death occurred two years ago.

She is survived by two daughters of her son, Stanley Adams, Alice Adams and Mrs. Richard Scott, both attending Pacific University, Forest Grove, Ore.; also by a sister, Merle Wilson, formerly of Paris, Ill.; a brother, Charles E. Wilson; a niece, Mrs. Dorothy C. Henry, and a nephew, James A. Cook, all of Portland, Ore.; also a nephew, Charles E. Brown, of Steubensville, Ohio.

Mrs. Adams had a large number of friends, who loved her, in Terre Haute and vicinity, who will mourn her death.

NAYLOR'S
OPERA HOUSE

The National Flower,

An Operetta in Three Acts.

Written by MRS. CARRIE B. ADAMS.

Friday and Saturday Evenings WITH Saturday Matinee

MAY 8 AND 9, 1891.

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MOORE & LANGEN PRINTERS, TERRE HAUTE IND.

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DENTIST,

529½ Ohio Street, *Terre Haute, Ind.*

MILLER & HOLLAND,

ARCHITECTS,

No. 11 N. Sixth St.

BUFFALO, N. Y. TERRE HAUTE.

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and Sterling Silverware

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526 Wabash Ave., *TERRE HAUTE, IND.*

The National Flower,

Operetta in Three Acts.

- - Words and Music by Mrs. Allyn Adams, - -

TERRE HAUTE, IND.

Argument.

Candidates for the position of National Flower have been summoned to appear before a judge and jury, there to plead each one his own case. After giving reasons for desiring to be the National Flower, each aspirant remains to listen to the stories of his rivals. Occasionally weeds stray in, to the horror of the assembled flowers, and consternation is great when an onion chances to look in upon the scene. The jury—which will happily illustrate the way judicial affairs will be disposed of when women are eligible to office—acting under instructions from the judge, endeavors to decide in favor of the most useful, as well as the most beautiful flower. Uncle Sam volunteers some valuable information, after which the flowers express their hearty approval of the one chosen, and the contest is happily and satisfactorily ended.

CAST

Judge . . . . . Miss Harriet E. Paige
Bailiff . . . . . Adolph Gagg
Lawyers . . . . . { Curtis Gilbert / Robert Paige
Goldenrod . . . . . Miss Edith Castle
Clover . . . . . Miss Esther Power
Oak Tree . . . . . Will Katzenbach
Sunflower . . . . . Fred Foulkes
Onion . . . . . Chas Braman
Uncle Sam . . . . . Omar Mewhinney
Thistle . . . . . Sheldon Greiner

Jury.

Miss Emily Kern (foreman).

Miss Jessie Alden.	Miss Jessie Perdue.
Miss Carrie Weinstein.	Miss Blossom Paige.
Miss Fannie Foster.	Miss Alice Weinstein.
Miss Mayme Wolfe.	Miss Lou West.
Miss Lucy Brokaw.	Miss Fanny Buntin.
Miss Sue Ross.	Miss Grace Havens.
Miss Jessie Havens.	Miss Rose Farrington.
Miss Louise Haberly.	Miss Agnes Parker.
Miss Mary Peddle.	Miss Nellie McKeen.
Miss Anna Carleton.	Miss Lucy Smedley.

Miss Ruth Merring.

Swing Scene.

Raymond Conner.	Margaret Casto.
Clarence Gwyn.	Louise Wright.
Mary Bridwell.	Amy Starbuck.
Margaret Landrum.	Helen Bridwell.
Fred Warren.	Mary Cox.
Gertrude Hebb.	Stanley Adams.
Margaret Ladley.	Kate Braman.
Charlie McCormick.	George Hager.
John Bridwell.	Ford Reynolds.
Mary Fishback.	John Fishback.

Mamie White.

Quartette.

Miss Harriet Paige.	Mr. Dan Davis.
Miss Edith Castle.	Mr. Allyn Adams.

Daisies.

Jennie Paige, Elgie Lowry } Leaders.	Rose Braman.
	Vivian Strother.
Carrie Hager.	Ada White.
Anna Davis.	Lillie White.
Fern Casto.	Clara McTaggart.
Helen Seiler.	Jessie Barton.
Ethel Thompson.	Harriet Foster.
Audrey Thompson.	Faith Wonner.
Jessie Boyer.	Nellie Fisbeck.
Alma Miller.	Cora Bauermeister.
Florence Briggs.	Natalie Preston.
Maud Wilton.	Bertha Boyer.
Kate Braman.	Norma Bauermeister.
May Joseph.	Florence Diall.
Ellen Wilton.	Elsie Mixer.

Meadow Lilies.

Frankie Stevens. Mabel Martin.
Mary South. Allie Nichoson.
Janie Hunter. Anna Bevins.
Kate Hunley.

Tiger Lilies.

Cora Ryan. Etta Greggs.
Nellie West. Nellie Stoecker.
Nellie Briggs. Annie Lyons.
Stella King.

Day Lilies.

Fannie Hunt. Blanche Gundelfinger.
Margaret Clemmons. Alice Cowgill.
Alma Ecker. Cecil White.
Maud Crippen.

Water Lilies.

Louise Watson. Ethel Havens.
Eunice Hunter. Leo Daggett.
Carrie Preston. Louise Hunley.

Roses.

Gertrude Daggett, Kittie Hunt } Leaders.
Fannie Curtis. Nellie Manning.
Belle Perdue. Vinie Richardson.
Lillian Jones. Beth Parker.
Mary Foster. Siddie Baurmeister.
Lottie Preston. May Gundelfinger.
Bertha Kern. Myrtle Chester.
Mary Preston. Nonie Miller.
Minnie Gagg. Cora White.

Sue Tutt.
Nettie Palmateer.
Bonnie McNutt.
Perdita Pence.
Miriam Beach.
Zetta Alvey.

Weeds.

Ned Wilton.
Charlie McCormick.
Don Riddle.
Hugh Wonner.
Allan Williams.
Harold Cook.
Fred Fishback.
Harry Braman.
William Buntin.
Syd. Kidder.
Will Wilton.
Harry Richardson.
Charlie Hunt.
Floyd Temple.
Emmett Thompson.
Charlie Mewhinney.
Harry Fuller.
Leslie Thomas.
John Blything.
George Hunt.
Rob Landrum.
Milford Mixer.
George McCormick.
George Hager.
Hadley Cox.
Rob Heinl.
Boudinot Hunley.
Paul Fishback.
Otis White.
Irving Cox.
Ed Hurst.
Harry Hoover.
Earl Thompson.
Bert Morehead.
Warner Paige.
Glen Wilson.
Herbert Westfall.
Charlie Mixer.
Charlie Davis.
Allyn Stanley Adams.

Oxford Minuet.

Mary South.
Cora Ryan.
Eunice Hunter.
Carrie Preston.
Louise Watson.
Louise Hunley.
Ethel Havens.
Rose Braman.
Mary Bridwell.
Anna Davis.
Carrie Hager.
Kate Braman.

Stage Manager . . . . . Allyn Adams

Assistants . . . . . { Mrs. R. G. Watson
Fannie Warren
Alice Burnett

Musical Director . . . . . Mrs. Allyn Adams
Business Manager. . . . . Fred L Paige

Rose Polytechnic Orchestra.

ACT 1.

(*Judge and Jury at back of stage. When the clock strikes all come forward.*)

OPENING CHORUS:*

Hark! the hour of eight is sounding—
Hearts with anxious fears rebounding—
Hall of justice, crowds surrounding—
Breathing hope and fear.
For to-day in this arena,
Summoned by a stern subpœna,
We will choose from those who come
America's National Flower!

(*Jury seated.*)

Judge—Now ladies all, hear my advice,
All kinds of vulgar prejudice
I pray you set aside!
In stern judicial frame of mind—
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

Jury—From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

Foreman—

Oh! listen to the sunflower's case—
Observe the features of his face—
The faithful-hearted flower!
Condole with his distress of mind—
From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

*Words arranged.

Chorus of Jurors—

From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

Second Juror—

And when amid the flowers meek,
The goldenrod should chance to speak
Upon the other side,
What the sunflower says, you needn't mind!
From bias free af every kind
This trial must be tried!

Jury—From bias free of every kind
This trial must be tried!

(*Enter Lawyers.*)

We are lawyers two,
And we've nothing else to do
But to flirt with the jury all the live long day
We will take our place,
And manage this case,
As we're sure it would be managed if we stayed away.

Chorus—Oh! we soon will show
How much we know!
How much—we—know!

You can tell by our looks,
And the size of our books,
That we understand our business just like A, B, C!
We can always quote
A Blackstone note,
And we're always very willing to receive our fee.

Of legal lore
We have quite a store,
Altho' we haven't used it for ten years or more!
But if clients all
Respond to our call
We'll offer some inducements never known before;

Chorus.

(*Enter Daisies.*)

Ain't we sweet? Ain't we neat?
We are little daisies.
Ain't we sweet? Ain't we neat?
See our pretty faces.
Singing along our way we come
Cheering the lonely places;
Stealing our way into heart and home,
With our innocent graces.

Chorus.

Ain't we nice? Highest price
We have e'er commanded;
Don't you see?—all agree
We've been most demanded.
Then will we join the merry song,
Feeling quite sure of our places,
For there's no home in the wide, wide world
Willing to do without daisies!

(*Dance.*)

(*Enter Meadow-Lily.*)

At dewy dawn, in misty morn,
When o'er the woodlands hilly,
My little feet fly swift and fleet,
They call me Meadow-lily!

Chorus—Oh! yes! yes! yes!
Oh! yes! yes! yes!
They call her Meadow-lily!

(*Enter Tiger-lily.*)

Alas! one day, I blush to say,
When I was wild and willy,
And strove at bay to have my way,
They called me Tiger-lily!
Chorus.

(*Enter Day-lily.*)

Oh! what a shame to bear such name,
To be so rude and silly!
I'll try, I'm sure, to be so pure,
They'll call me sweet Day-lily!

(*Enter Water-lily.*)

Oh! when I go where singing flow
The brook's blue waters chilly,
When plashing thro' the wavelet blue,
They call me Water-lily.

(*Enter Roses and attendants.*)

Roses—I ought to be the National Flower!
Attendants—(Yes! yes! yes! yes!
Lilies—(No! no! no! no!)
For I bloom in every bower,
With fragrance all day long!
Is there a flower more widely known?
Lilies—(Yes! yes! yes! yes!)
Attendants—(No! no! no! no!)
All choose me, and me alone,
For sentimental song!

Judge and jury—

What shall we say to the sweet, red rose,
Who sings her sweetest song?
Why should not she be the National Flower,
To cheer our way along?

(*Enter Sun-flower.*)

I'm the merry, merry sun-flower—
(Sun-flower, sun-flower.)
I'm the merry, merry sun-flower,
I'm here for all to see.
I'm dressed in colors rich and rare,
My features are extremely fair,
Just gaze upon my golden hair—
Most beautiful to see!

Chorus—I'm the merry, merry sun-flower—
(Sun-flower, sun-flower.)

I'm the merry, merry sun-flower—
I'm usually six feet tall.
I'm faithful to the setting sun—
And then, when all is said and done,
The National Flower I may become—
In me there's nothing small!
Chorus.

(*Enter Onion. Flowers greatly excited.*)

Onion—I am an Onion!
Chorus—(Oh! oh! oh!)
I am an Onion!
Chorus—(Oh! oh! oh!)
Not ornamental, Still I'm very useful—
Altho' I'm nearly always in the soup.
Chorus.

I am an Onion!
Chorus—(Oh! oh! oh!)

I am an Onion!
Chorus—(Oh! oh! oh!)

Tho' I am always very, very bashful,
Yet I find it easy to make my presence known.

Chorus—He is an onion! Yes, yes, yes!
Not ornamental, still he's very useful,
Altho' he's nearly always in the soup!

(*Flowers' March and Chorus.*)

Now gaze upon the pretty flowers—
(Pretty flowers, pretty flowers.)
Now gaze upon the pretty flowers
All assembled here.
I want to be the National Flower—
(National Flower, National Flower)—
I want to be the National Flower,
Blooming all the year!

Come we now with willing grace,
Happy smile and happy face,
Spirits bright, hearts so light—
Sing we all our song to-night.
Dancing gaily as we go,
Tripping lightly to and fro,
Gay and free—happy we!—
Singing joyously!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

Scene I.—Minuet.

Scene II.

(Enter Weed.)

I'm a very small, teenty, weenty, harmless little weed,
With nothing to do from morn 'til night but to grow, and grow, and grow.

Second Weed—

And I'm another teenty, weenty, harmless little weed,
With nothing to do from morn 'til night but to grow, and grow, and grow!

Third Weed—

And I'm a weed.

Fourth Weed—

And I'm a weed!

Fifth Weed—

And *I'm* a weed!

Sixth Weed—

And *I'M* a weed!!

All—And we're all harmless weeds!
And we grow all day, and we grow all night,
And we grow in the dark, or we grow in the light,
And we grow in the rain, or the sunshine bright,
'Til there's nothing left but weeds!

(*Exit.*)

(*Enter Oak Tree. Admiring glances from Jury.*)

I'm the Old Oak Tree, that you've read so much about,
And the National Flower I should be, without a doubt;
I am tall and strong, as all may see;
I'd bear my honors with dignity.

The acorn and the oak leaf would be a pretty emblem
Of all our Nation's progress in the past hundred years—
The monarch of the forest, in its primeval greatness,
A witness, too, alike to all our hopes and fears!

Jury—Oh! I think the oak is a lovely flower!

(*Enter Canada Thistle. Jury greatly alarmed.*)

Thistle—

Stay! stay! stay, pretty maidens!
Stay, oh! stay! Stay, oh! stay!
I'm only a Canada Thistle,
And I beg you not to run away.

I'm out for my evening constitutional,
And I chanced to come this way.
Oh! don't go, most interesting maidens—
Oh! I beg you not to run away!

Jury—

Do hear the horrid, horrid creature!
Begs us not to run away!
I'm sure we hadn't tho't of going,
It gives us greatest pleasure here to stay!

What do we care for his evening constitutional—
(Why should he chance to come this way?)
Oh! don't think, for even half a moment,
That we're inconvenienced by your stay!

Judge—

Calm yourselves, juryman all!
Remember your dignity, and recall
Your wonted self-possession!
Listen to a re-assuring song,
And no unpleasant thoughts prolong!

Judge and Jury—

Oh! merrily sing the birds, and joyously—
So glad and joyously,
So happy, gay and free—
All nature joins the song so cheerily—
Tra, la, la, la—so cheerily!
We'll join their song, and gaily sing
Tra, la, la, la, la.
Then hear our merry voices ring:
Tra, la, lá, la, la, la, etc.

While the birds so gaily sing,
We our cheerful song will bring,
And with flowers bright and gay,
Strive to brighten every day.
Every flower and every tree
May an inspiration be.
With tho'ts and heart renewed,
We will make our lives both pure and good.

Four-leafed Clover—

There are violets, roses, and lilies so fair—
Beautiful flowers! Beautiful flowers!
And their perfume we breathe, as it floats on the air—
Beautiful, beautiful flowers!
But to me there is one sweeter,
To me there is one neater—
One flower, one flower alone!
'Tis four-leafed clover!

Chorus.—The flower for me is four-leafed clover—
The flower I dearly love, is clover.
The flower that brings good luck is clover—
The sweetest little flower of all!

There are daisies and buttercups, pansies so blue—
(Beautiful flowers! Beautiful flowers!)
There are blossoms pale-tinted, or of bright golden hue—
(Beautiful, beautiful flowers!)
But to me, tho' I seek in sadness,
To me, tho' I seek in gladness,
There is one flower alone I would find—
'Tis four-leafed clover!

Chorus.

You may go where you will, and look where you may—
(Beautiful flowers! Beautiful flowers!)
There's but one flower that brings you good luck every day—
(Beautiful, beautiful flowers!)
You may roam the world over,
There's no flower like clover—
The flower of all flowers to me!

Chorus.

Goldenrod—

Of all the beautiful flowers I see,
Bright goldenrod is the fairest to me.
I see in this humble blossom fair,
A story of sweet contentment there.
Bright flower! Fair flower!
Fairer by far than all others,
Is this humble flower to me.

When in the autumn days all flowers shall fade—
Winter is calling—
Leaves silently falling—
Sadly and silently are fading summer's joys.

Then sweetly turn our tho'ts to fair goldenrod.
Oh! think not with sorrow
Of winter's to-morrow,
Tho' every flower and leaf speaks of departing joys.

Bailiff—

Judge—

Come we now with eager faces,
Willing hearts, and minds as true
As the sweetest flower before us,
Pure and bright with morning dew.
And we see fair flowers abounding,
Clothed in nature's richest dower;
From the beauties now surrounding,
We must choose the sweetest flower.

We have listened to the stories
Of the flowers, great and small,
And 'tis painful to remember
That we cannot choose them all!
As you strive to do your duty
While in nature's brightest bower,—
Tho' 'tis well to think of beauty,
Choose the best—a useful flower.

Choose an emblem of our greatness,
Loved alike by rich and poor;
Bringing joy, and peace, and gladness
Into every open door.
Then with mind and purpose steady,
Bring your wisdom, strength, and power,
To decide the fateful question—
"Which shall be our National Flower?"

Jury—

Then come, oh! come! begin our deliberations—
Minds and hearts on thoughts judicial bent.
Tho' meek and mild, we've active imaginations—
You'll say our taste is really most excellent!

Chorus—Then don't be sorry or sad
While we're away,
Because we'll make you glad
When we come again!

First and Second Jurors—

"I'll choose the rose!"—"and I shall choose the sunflower!"

Third and Fourth Jurors—

"And we'll not vote, except for the old oak tree!"

Fifth Juror—

"But as we know we only can have the one flower,
Why not wait, and consider most carefully?"

(*Curtain.*) *Chorus.*

Swing Scene.

SWING SONG.*

When I was a boy, on the old home farm.
Down by the deep blue sea—
The fairest spot in all the world,
Is this old, old home to me!—
When the wind came o'er the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I would spring,
With brown feet bare, and hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grape-vine swing!

Chorus—

Swinging! swinging! swinging!
Swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Oh! the dreams—happy dreams!—
While swinging in the grape-vine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies, bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-covered trees,
With ringing laugh, and heart as light
As a rose-bud tossed by the breeze!
The birds in the trees all echoed my glee,
And I longed for no angel's wing;
I was as near Heaven as I wished to be,
While swinging in the grape-vine swing.
Chorus.

I'm weary at morn, and I'm weary at night,
Fretted and sore of heart;
And care is sowing my locks with white,
As I wend through the fevered mart.

*Words arranged.

I'm weary of all the world's pomp and pride,
For to me no joy it brings—
Oh! I would give it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grape-vine swing!

Chorus.

(*Enter Small Boy.*)

I'm but a little fellow,
Standing all alone;
I can't do very much
Until I'm fully grown.
I'm hardly big enough
To go and cast my vote;
But I don't think I'll ever
Be the kind to "float!"

I don't see any use
In fussing all day long,
Just 'cause a little boy
Has done a thing that's wrong!
Cats and dogs were made to tease,
And fences made to climb.
What if we *don't* say "please"
More'n every other time!

I'm sure, if I were big,
And keeping house myself,
I wouldn't put everything
Upon the highest shelf;
I'd let the girls and boys
Have any amount of fun;—
I wouldn't care for noise,
Or tell them not to run!

If I had a little boy,
With hair that liked to curl,
I wouldn't dress him up
To look just like a girl!
I'd give him a horse and cart,
A bicycle and a gun—
I tell you, I believe
In letting boys have fun!

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III.

Chorus of Flowers.

Haste! haste! Oh! flowers all,
Hear, hear our merry call,
Come away! come away!
Come and join our roundelay;
Sing now our sweetest song,
And joyous notes prolong—
Come and join our merry song!

Soon we shall know our fate—
Without a fear we wait—
Gaily sing, gaily sing,
Make your merry voices ring!
Swift pass the hours away,
On this, our festal day—
Come then, join our roundelay.

Roses—When the jury shall decide
Which shall be our National pride,
All will join in loud acclaim
To sound its name!
Chorus!

(*Enter Jury.*)

We can't decide! we can't decide!
Which shall be the National Flower!
We can't decide! we only disagree—
We'll have to be discharged!

(*Enter Uncle Sam, hesitatingly.*)

If you will kindly let me speak—
I'm old enough to know, sir,
Just which flower will please the people
As they come and go, sir!

Jury—

Uncle Sam, Oh! quickly tell us
Which shall be the one, sir?
For when that has been decided,
All our trouble's done sir!

Chorus.

Uncle Sam—

'Tis not the sunflower, oak, or daisy,
Goldenrod, or rose, sir—
But fair of face, and very useful,
Everybody knows, sir!

I can bring this flower forth
In less than seconds twenty—
And it is the Nation's hope,
With motto: "Peace and plenty!"

Chorus—

Let him bring this flower forth,
In less than seconds twenty;
For it is the Nation's hope,
With motto: "Peace and plenty!"

(*Exit Uncle Sam, re-entering with National Flower.*)

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
We clearly see the beautiful flower before us,
Well deserves a wide-spread National fame.
Then rally round the National Flower,
And sing away the joyous hour;
We'll join our voices in merry song
To cheer the National Flower along.

Judge--

The * * * * * * heard it said
Is * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
But the National Flower * * * * * *
Will never * * * * * * * * * * ! !

Chorus--

Hurrah! Hurrah! and let us happy be,
With song and dance and merry melody;
Let the critics now criticise;
Let the people now open their eyes!
Behold! behold the National Flower—
The flower for me!

Judge--

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la,*
Breathe promise of merry sunshine.
As we merrily dance and we sing, tra, la,
We welcome the hope that they bring, tra, la,
Of a summer of *roses* so fine!
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra, la, etc. *Chorus.*

*From Mikado.

Bailiff—

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la,

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

And that's what I mean when say or I sing

* * * * * * * * ! !

Tra, la, la, etc.

Chorus.

Judge—

The flower * * * * * tra, la,

Breathes promise of * * * !

There's * * * * * * tra, la.

Chorus—And * * * * ! !

Junge—

And that's what I mean when I say or I sing,

The * * * * * * * ! !

Chorus—Tra, la, la, etc.

(*Curtain.*)

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CARRIE ADAMS WILL ADMITTED TO PROBATE

Special To The Tribune-Star.

BRAZIL, Ind., Oct. 10.—The will of the late Carrie B. Adams has been probated in the Clay Circuit Court showing that the bulk of her estate was left to her only daughter, Mrs. Aileen Reckert, of Terre Haute, whose husband, Frederick Reckert is designated as administrator.

The will stated that certain bonds and stocks, all in one envelope, in her safety deposit box were the property of her late husband, John T. Adams, and she has kept this separate from her property so that Mable Garver, daughter of Mr Adams by former marriage, could share in it. Two-third of this parcel is left to her daughter, Aileen, and one-third to Mable Garver.

Mrs. Adams also set aside $2,000 to be placed in trust with Frederick Reckert to be paid to her brother in payment of $25 a month. Provisions were made for continuance in the event of change of trustee. All the remainder of the estate goes to Mrs. Reckert.

S. JOHN T. ADAMS IS TAKEN BY DEATH

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rs. John Templeton Adams, 88 s old, died at 12:30 o'clock Sunmorning at St. Anthony's Hos- l where she was taken after aining a fractured hip in a fall er home at 520 North Mer ian et at Brazil early Saturday ning.

rs. Adams, who was born in veland, Ohio, was taken to Bra- at an early age when her par- s moved to that city to live. Her her, Major Collins, was founder he Brazil Rolling Mill, which he rated for several years.

Mrs. Adams is survived by a ther, Major R. Collins, of Miami, .; a daughter, Mrs. Frederick C. ckert, and a grandson, Frederick Reckert, of Terre Haute.

Funeral services will be held at P. J. Ryan & Sons Funeral me here at 2 o'clock Tuesday ternoon with the Rev. Jack Mas- rs, pastor of the First Presby- rian Church of Brazil, officiating. rial will be at Highland Lawn metery. Pallbearers will be Louis eifer, James Black, Jr., John Royse, Lee Black, Rudolph Cutshall and Roy Pollom.